Print (19) (1)

An Bord des Dampfers
Pennsylvania
den 19ten. Sept. 1909

Hamburg-Amerika Linie

Lieber Vater,

The whole atmosphere of this place is so thoroughly German that I feel as if I ought to continue in the language of der liebe Vaterland; but for the sake of my own progress as well perhaps as for your pleasure, I'll stick to good old English. But I have had plenty of opportunity to try my German on this boat. All the officers and stewards and attendants and nearly all the passengers are German; and German is spoken

almost altogether. I can't always get just the word or expression that I want, but it is some satisfaction & pleasure to know that what I do say is correct.
One of our neighbors on deck is a little German Jewess whom we find very interesting & entertaining. She keeps telling me - "Sie sprechen mit gar keinem Accent", meaning that I have no english accent at all in my German. This morning I wrote a page for her in German and she was quite amazed to find not a single mistake in it.
While the band played and amid the waving of handkerchiefs by the crowd on the pier we steamed out of New York harbor leaving the Hamburg American Line pier at the foot of first street, Hoboken, N.Y. Ernest's uncle Porter Webb and his two children, Jean & Dana of Marianna, Ark., also Harry, Ernest's brother were there to see us off. Then a big surprise awaited me just as we were boarding the boat. Who should I see, but Helen Abramson

one of my Sunday School class girls in Sidran, She was visiting her grandmother in Englewood, N. J. and having found out when I was leaving, came over to see me off.
Promptly at 4:00 P.M. we set sail on a smooth, beautiful sea, and with glorious weather, both of which have continued these four days. Until supper was called that first evening of course we stayed on deck looking steadily at the receding out-line of the home land shores, and even when we came back after three quarters of an hour, the land could still dimly be seen and the glimmer of light in the Statue of Liberty was visible much longer.
We have a fine large state-room commodious enough for four people, as large, possibly larger than our room in the Continental Hotel N. Y. Almost the first thing which I saw upon entering the cabin was a pile of mail, seven or eight individual & scattered letters, & a package containing nineteen letters from the Sarona

folks, one to be read each day. It's a good deal of pleasure to start each day with some message from the friends at home.

We spend the days reading, writing, promenading the deck and visiting with our fellow passengers. A young man and his wife, Mr. & Mrs. Snider of Wheeling W. Va. we have found very companionable. He is going to Berlin for a year to study music. We have another young musician on board, Mr. Dewey, going to Leipzig. Another interesting character is Mr. Geo. Holland, a clown, from the New York Hippodrome. He hasn't shown himself particularly funny yet but we are hoping he will give us a performance before the journey is over.
The German band on board gives concerts several times a day, which we enjoy very much, altho more American tunes would be appreciated. We applauded long & loudly last night when they played a medley of plantation songs, beginning briskly with "Way down South in Dixie" and then again this morning when "America" appeared on the program.

I have proven myself a pretty good sailor thus far, altho our boat is an unusually steady one and

An Bord des Dampfers Pennsylvania

den 19th Sept. 1907

Hamburg-Amerika Linie

the sea has been smooth. The second day out, I had an attack of dizziness and missed two meals, but I haven't had the sickness yet. I don't notice the motion of the boat much now; and unless we strike some rough water the rest of the trip ought to be delightful. This is a slow boat and we will probably not reach Hamburg for a week from today. We have come only about 900 miles thus far.

German food & cooking doesn't appeal to me particularly. So many things are greasy & seasoned so differently from our own foods. Experience has taught me not to take everything, but make a selection of those things which look appetizing according to my own American standard & taste.

We have meals as follows: Breakfast at 8:00 Second breakfast consisting of bouillon & crackers, served on deck at 10:00, Dinner

at 12:00, Coffee & kuchen at 3:00 Supper at 6:00.
We have a great time keeping track of the time of day. Twice daily our watches have to be set ahead; we sometimes forget it, particularly in the morning when we come near missing our breakfast.

Well, I think I have written you all the steamer news up to date. I will go back now and gather up the threads since leaving Mifflintown. We spent one afternoon + a few hours the next morning in Philadelphia, but the weather was bad, so we didn't see much except John Wanamaker's store, the Court House, + the S. of Penna. Last Saturday A.M. we went on to Princeton and spent about three hours there. It is one of the loveliest places I have ever seen. The college campus is beautiful. About five o'clock that evening we reached New Brunswick and spent Sunday with Ernest's cousins Mr. + Mrs. Chas. Scudder - very delightful people. Mrs. Scudder's brother took us for an hour's ride in his automobile up along the Raritan River. It is very pretty country.

Monday morning we went on into New York, met the people at the Presby. Board rooms & spent most of the day shopping. We took supper and spent the evening with Cousin Nell & her husband. She expected Will Kinkead to be there too but he failed to appear. We had a very pleasant time and enjoyed Cousin Nell & Mr. Tracy very much.
Tuesday morning Ernest's Uncle Curt and children, Harry & Dell, arrived in town. Practically all the rest of our time was spent with them. In the afternoon Uncle Curt took us all on a boat trip around Manhattan Island. All the sights of the city were pointed out & explained. It was grand. That night he took us to the theatre.
Wednesday morning we were busy getting our trunks & baggage ready & sent to the wharf. We bought two nice steamer rugs which are being of great service now it's beginning to get cold. I also got a sweater & a soft grey felt hat to wear on deck.

Possibly you had better use this letter as my contribution to the next Round Robin for I shall hardly be able to write to all the others individually in as much detail as I have done here.

Ernest & I both felt that it was good to be on board and on our way at last, for while visiting and sightseeing are pleasant, they are pretty tiring after all too.

Sept. 19th. The weather turns very cold. We put on all our heavy wraps — heavy underwear, flannel waists & petticoat, muffler, sweater, overcoat, & steamer rugs. It warms up again in a day or so.

Sept. 20th. We strike heavy seas. At breakfast the coffee pot tumbles off sideboard & spills contents on floor. We have to keep our port hole closed to prevent waves from dashing in upon us. I at last, succumb to sea-sickness tho not a serious attack, and am feeling pretty "fit" again next day. We both have had a little cold but are getting it broken up.

Friday Sept. 24, 7:30 A.M. We catch the first glimpse of the light house of Scilly Island, off the coast of England.

Sat. Sept. 25 = Hazy outlines of the English coast are visible. We see lots of boats today. We will arrive in Cuxhaven probably to-morrow night, & be taken by train to Hamburg Mon. morning, thence we go to Berlin. Lots of love to you all.

Margaret

Ptd, 2 (6) 1

PENSION FELSBERG
LUCERNE

Oct. 6, 1909.

Dear Daddy,

It seems almost as if we had lived years in the last week — we have seen so much that was new and interesting. It hardly seems possible that we have been off the boat only ten days. Every day I have thought of you and wanted to sit down and write you in detail of our "doings"; but the days have passed, filled to over-flowing with other things, and I have had to content myself by sending only short messages on cards. But they have served, I hope, to let you know we have been all right, and having a fine time.

Early on Monday morning, Sept. 27th. while the band struck up some lively music, we disembarked on the pier at Cuxhaven, a little port near the mouth of the Elbe. After going thru the Customs, a very short process, (our large trunk wasn't even opened), we took the special train awaiting the boat passengers to Hamburg. We had expected to leave immediately for Berlin but it seems Germany hasn't the handling of baggage down to as fine a system as America, so we were considerable time looking after that. Our steamer trunk we sent by fast freight to Lucerne. The other large trunk we shipped over to London to be put on board the "Mongolia" which we are to take at Marseilles. It rained very very heavily the few hours we were in Hamburg so we saw nothing of the city. We reached Berlin that night about 7:00. and found lodging in a very comfortable hotel. That night I had my first experience ~~of~~ a German feather bed - sleeping under the feathers of course. It was an unusually nice one, I think, for neither before nor since have I slept in such a comfortable place.

I cannot begin to describe Berlin for you nor all the things we saw there. It's a magnificent city. "Unter den Linden", the most popular & well-known street we walked up & down many times. At the one end of it is the Brandenburg Gate, at the other, a splendid equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. Berlin is filled with statues and monuments dedicated to Germany's great men. The Siegesallee is one beautiful avenue lined with statues of Germany's rulers from

the earliest times known to
the present. They stand fifty
or sixty feet apart on
each side the street.
There are two good museums
and the National Gallery in
Berlin. I went thru them all
and saw some of the original
paintings of Rembrandt,
Rubens, Van Dyck, Murillo and
Michael Angelo.
At Charlottenburg we saw the ?
Mausoleum [illegible] which are the
marble sarcophagi, containing
the bodies of Queen Louise and
her husband, and Emperor
William I + his queen Augusta.
The Cathedral is a very beautiful
building and also the Parliament
House. The Royal Palace is
plain + unpretentious looking
from the exterior but very
large. We could not get in
to look around because the
doors closed at 1. o'c. M. & we
didn't get there till three.

Ptd 2

81

PENSION FELSBERG
LUCERNE

" Oct. 7, 1909
En Route to Interlaken

Berlin is a city of splendid public buildings & beautiful, wide, clean streets and attractive parks. We have nothing in America to compare with it.

The nine hours ride across country to Cologne was rather monotonous. It was curious to notice that a great deal of the work in the fields is done by women. Oxen are used quite generally throughout Germany by the country people, instead of horses. The fields are cultivated in small patches with irrigating ditches ~~running~~ flowing between them. They look like beautiful lawns. All the ground in the country is perfectly kept.

Cologne was an old Roman settlement, and traces of it are still seen in the narrow, crooked streets of the old town. The bridge of boats across the Rhine was very interesting to me as I had never seen one before. The Cathedral, considered to be the crown

of Gothic architecture, is of course the thing of greatest interest to tourists, and is wonderfully imposing. It was begun in the thirteenth century. It contains some excellent wood-carving, some beautiful old stained glass, and numerous statues & frescoes. The pillars of the interior are very very lofty, & the whole of the interior impresses one as majestic.
We happened to be in Cologne during Flug-Woche, so took advantage of the rare opportunity to see some aviators. Paulhan was the first to ascend in his aeroplane. He made two rather unsteady incomplete circuits around a mile course, & finally made a bad landing, injuring one of his wings. Delagrange was the next to make an attempt, but after several trials when he couldn't get off the ground he went back into his tent.
Finally after very long delays, when the afternoon was nearly over, the man whom we had been waiting hours to see - Bleriot, ascended. He rose as gracefully as a bird & circled around the course time after time with perfectly steady beautiful motion. We watched him for well an hour, then had to hurry away to catch our train. We happened to see a Cologne paper next day, which stated that Bleriot had remained in the air an hour and four minutes, at times attaining a height of 10 ft.
It was a wonderful sight. An American crowd would have gone wild over it and whooped & yelled their applause. But the

Germans are not so demonstrative.

From Cologne we took train to Coblenz, spent the night there, and at 9:30 the next morning boarded a small steamer for the trip up the Rhine as far as Mainz. I can't begin to describe to you the beauty of it all - perfectly charming scenery all the way along; terraced vineyards for miles, on the hill slopes; steep rugged rocks rising precipitously out of the water crowned with some grand castle or old castle ruin, and lovely little villages nestled at the foot of the hills, close to the shore. The famous Lorelei Rock was very majestic & beautiful, jutting far out into the stream. It was a delightful trip. There was a

PENSION FELSBERG
LUCERNE

crowd of about ten American girls on our boat, who got off at Bingen, but we saw them again at Heidelberg.

Heidelberg is the loveliest spot in Germany – at least the loveliest one which we saw. It stretches along the Neckar River, with neat wooded mountains rising on each side. It is heavy with historical reminiscence. Conrad von Hohenstaufen made it his residence, and it remained the capital of the Rhenish Palatinate for five hundred years.

The grand ruins of the Old Castle, standing upon a projection of the Königstuhl, overlook the town. It dates back doubtless to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and its

perfectly magnificent even in its decay.
Heidelberg University founded in 1386 is the oldest in Germany, but is a very plain, unpretentious-looking modern building. Many American students study there.

Monday morning, Oct. 4th. we journeyed on to Freiburg. It is situated in a lovely valley, surrounded by vineyards & fertile fields and shut in by the tree-topped heights of the "Black Forest". The town is very very curious and interesting, because of its quaint, medieval aspects. Nearly everything in it impresses one with its antiquity.
Relics of the old fortifications are still to be seen in two gates or other edifices each with an archway and a clock.
The Cathedral, tho not as handsome, I think nor as large as that of Cologne, is older (12th century) and its main spire over four hundred feet in height, is considered one of the finest in the world.
Freiburg is quite a celebrated educational centre. Its University, an old Jesuit monastery, attracts many American students, including many women.
We spent only four or five hours in Freiburg but had a mighty interesting time looking around.
The same night, we crossed the Swiss border and reached Lucerne about 6.30

Switzerland is perfectly
[illegible] - but I shall not
attempt to write about it
tonight. will leave that for
my next number.
The small pictures, we
had snapped at Geneva-on-the
Lake, U.S. are my own ones they are.
The other was taken on board
the boat crossing the
Atlantic.
I am sending Robert
a small birthday gift
a souvenir of the famous
Lion of Lucerne.
We are very well and
having the time of our
lives.
Dearest love to you all
Margaret

Marseilles, France. Ptd 3

~~PENSION FELSBERG~~
~~LUCERNE~~

Oct. 14, 1937.

Dear Father, The second installment has been a little long in coming, but I shall try to bring it up to date. On Tuesday, Oct. 5th. we crossed the Swiss border at Basel, went thru the Customs there and then hurried on to Lucerne. We took lodging at Pension Felsberg, the place where Ernest stayed when he was there four years ago. It is one of the finest locations in the city — high up on a hill slope. From the windows of our room we could look out upon the lake and across to Mt. Pilatus on the right, the Rigi on the left and several snow-capped peaks directly in front of us.

The first morning we spent walking around the town, and as usual, going to Thos. Cook & Son's for information or mail, and this time to have some of our money changed. I had just gotten used to calculating with marks and pfennigs, when I had to forget

that and learn to reckon with francs + centimes. The Reuss river flows into Lake Lucerne, just at the heart of the city and is crossed by two quaint old bridges, covered, wooden structures built aslant the stream to avoid the pressure of the waters, and the roofs of both are adorned with colored pictures, depicting the history of the city. They are very unique + interesting.

One of the most attractive and celebrated things in Lucerne is the famous Lion. The figure is that of a dying lion, forty feet in length, guarding the shield of France. It lies in a grotto on one of the hill slopes of the city, and the whole thing is carved out of the solid rock. It was modeled by Thorwaldsen and is a memorial to the Swiss Guards who fought so bravely at the Tuilleries during the French Revolution. It is wonderful.

We had planned a trip around the lake by boat, but bad weather prevented, so we had to be content with a short three hours trip to Alpnachstad, a little village where the funicular road runs up to Pilatus. Lucerne with its lake and beautiful mountains is lovely.

On the morning of the 7th we left Lucerne for Interlaken, "between the lakes" Brienz + Thun, as its name signifies. The railroad led along Lake Lucerne to Alpnachstad and on thru other mountain villages to Giswil. Here we began climbing the mountain to Brünig, the highest point, where the descent began to Meiringen. It was the loveliest trip I have ever taken — the most perfect combination of mountain, valley and lake scenery, I have ever seen.

From our car window as
we crept along the mountain-
side, we looked down into
lovely valleys dotted with quaint
little Swiss homes (chalets),
and herds of grazing cattle on
lots. Sometimes a clear
stream rippled along or a
peaceful blue lake lay before
us. Up on the other side,
rose steep rugged mountains
many of them snow-capped,
and here & there a water-fall
plunged down into the valley.
A few minutes ride from
Meiringen brought us to
Brienz, at the head of the
Brienzersee - a most beautiful
turquoise blue-lake. We stopped
here and after a delightful
sail of an hour, we arrived
at Interlaken, one
of the most charming
spots on this green earth.
From the balcony of our
room in Hotel Splendide,
we could look out upon

Pt 2 3 vol 14

~~PENSION FELSBERG~~
~~LUCERNE~~

the Jungfrau - the queen of the Swiss mountains covered with snow far below its slopes the year round. Fortunately the day was clear and as the rays of the setting sun shone upon this magnificent peak, I have never seen a more glorious sight. It was wonderful. Next morning we journey on, across the Thunersee, another beautiful blue lake, shut in by mountains, and disembark at Thun, an old, old town which hasn't been effected much by the progress of civilization. We spent three or four hours here walking up and down the narrow streets enjoying the quaint houses and shops whose roofs project far

on into the street. We found another interesting old castle here with a museum containing many old relics. We happened to come upon several battalions of Swiss soldiers marching thru the streets evidently returning from camp or work in the mountains. They marched in perfect step, with quick heavy tread but many of them looked haggard and worn and ready to drop.

The same ~~evening~~ afternoon, we went on to Bern the capital of Switzerland. It is a splendid city with many fine buildings and a wonderful view out across the river and valleys and on to the mountains. This place also has a very nice Cathedral.

We heard here, Richard Wagner's opera "Der fliegende Holländer." The music of course was very old but powerful. I have never heard such volume of tone as the soloists had.

Saturday noon the 9th. found us in Lausanne. After getting located in the hotel, resting a bit, and seeing something of the town we walked out to "Belles Roches" to look up Ernest's friends the Amers. I was given a most cordial welcome and spent a delightful evening with them.

At their pressing invitation we were prevailed upon to move our baggage out to their home and be their guests, the rest of our stay in Lausanne. It was very ~~good~~ nice, Daddy, to find your two letters awaiting me here, the first + only word we have had from home. Am glad to know everything is all right with you all. Was

particularly glad to hear that Bob was in school again.
Like most German & Swiss cities of any considerable size, Lausanne also has a cathedral, once Catholic now Protestant. We walked up to see it Sunday afternoon and had a beautiful view of the city and lake Leman with the mountains around it.
On Monday, Evelyn, Inez, Ernest and I took a trip to Champery, the little village in the mountains where he spent the summer of 1905 and won his tennis trophies. Part of the way was by boat, part by train and part by electric. We passed the old castle of Chillon made famous by Byron's poem, and saw where the Rhone flowed into

ptd 3

Oct 24

~~PENSION FELSBERG~~
~~LUCERNE~~

Dear Denman -
Champery is a lovely little village consisting of one very narrow street of pretty little Swiss chalets with others scattered high up on the mountain-side & down in the valley. Snow-capped Dent du Midi, rises directly opposite; a little farther on, Dent Blanche and other beautiful peaks.
It is a charming spot and I don't wonder that Ernest loved it. I can well understand the Swiss love of country. It is perfectly grand - with its various mountains and lakes and valleys.
E. played a little tennis while we stayed in Lausanne with a Mr. George, one of the men with whom he played in Champery four years ago.
Oct. 13th. we continued our trip to Geneva, at the ~~eastern~~ western

end of the lake Leman. The Rhone flows out of the lake here in a large broad beautiful stream. Geneva is a fine city but we found the old part most interesting. We saw the old house where John Calvin lived for about 2 yrs. also the old Chapel where both he & John Knox preached. At the end of the same narrow street is an old house where George Eliot lived a short time.

We had a hard trip from Geneva to Marseilles arriving early this morning. Our boat is in but we cannot go on board till tomorrow morning. So you see we will soon be off on the second half of our voyage. Here's hoping it may be as pleasant as the first.

About the books — I cannot understand what you mean. Your statement wasn't very clear. If you mean the books which were sent from Aurora numbered No. 1 or No. 2 (to Mr. D. Day) I certainly want them sent on. Are they still in Aurora or in N.Y.? and why weren't they sent? And now you are asking me to know about them. It's quite a mystery to me. There were two other boxes from Aurora. I can't understand why they should have been sent & not the books. They all went together. Love to all

Margaret.

Ptd 4 (8) 1

Oct. 8, 1909

S.S. Mongolia

Dear Father — We have just passed the island of Crete and are steaming on toward Port Said, which we will reach sometime tomorrow, and here this letter will be mailed.

To go back a few days, and gather up the threads of our experience — On the afternoon of the fourteenth while we were still in Marseilles Dr. & Mrs. Hinkhill (the woman a Seminary friend

of Ernest's a-ew going to India)
came off the boat and
went with us to see
Notre Dame Cathedral.
It is a unique structure
with a high tower crowned
by a splendid statue of the
Virgin & Child and occupies
a very commanding position
on a high rock hill over-looking
the City and the harbor of
Marseilles. While not as
handsome architecturally
as most of the other
European Cathedrals we
have seen, it is in
some respects more
interesting. The side walls
of the main auditorium
are covered with marble
tablets bearing an inscription)

to a height of about ten or twelve feet, above these are framed pictures, and still higher covering all the remaining space to the ceiling are floral wreaths under glass surrounded by little round gilt frames — all of these presented by different people as votive offerings to the Virgin on the restoration from illness of some loved one or its safe return from perils on the sea.

Marseilles is an old old city, founded by the Greeks in 600 B.C. and still shows traces of its antiquity.

I promenaded the streets for a short time in the evening, to watch the throngs of people surging

back and forth with ?
apparently no destination
in view and no purpose
any one, just out for a
lively time. There are
cafés all along the streets
and these are filled with
motley crowds smoking
and drinking till the
small hours of the morning.
Marseilles has not a good
reputation. Ernest says it
is the most wicked city in
Europe. It is very dirty
and slack.
Another characteristic
thing about the city is
the amount of heavy hauling
which is done with two
wheeled carts and a small
horse or a donkey, or three
or four of them driven
tandem. They carry the
largest loads I ever saw. It
was a marvel to me they
didn't lose their equilibrium.

Pt. 4 (18) 2

Oct. 8, 1909
S.S. Mongolia

Friday morning we left
[illegible] Genoa once more
and at 8:00 P.M. boarded
our boat which is one
of the best of this line
and the Peninsular &
Oriental line is
considered the best in
the Mediterranean.
The boat was scheduled to
leave at 9:00 o'clock but
it was nearly 11:30 before
we got under way. It was
very interesting to see the
many bustle at the pier
while the baggage was being

brought on board, to hear the melodies of the singing of Europe and the wharf call out their names and to see little dancing girls fantastically garbed skip up and down and do their various antics on the side nimbly picking up the coins thrown to them by the passengers from the decks. Our boat is loaded to the gunnels - over 800 passengers on board. I have heard that some of the passengers had their cabins engaged two years in advance. My berth is in a cabin with three other [illegible]. [illegible] with three other men. But I like this boat much

rather than the Pennsylvania
Most of the passengers
are English. There are
seven others besides our-
selves, very from the
Presby. Church of America to
India - Rev. Jones (whose
wife & children are in Brooklyn)
Miss Irvin, Miss Downs
Rev. & Mrs. Hemphill Rev. &
Mrs. Gould & four children.
All except the Hemphills
are just returning to their
work over furloughs.
They are rare very fine
people who sat with us at
table, who are going out
in the Church of England
to China. Rev. Temple
from the Church of Scotland.
The life on board is very
pleasant. Saturday night, we
had a concert - services
donated by some of the English
passengers.

At 6.00 P.M. Saturday night we passed Stromboli a volcano off the coast of Italy; but to our disappointment, it was not erupting.

Another disappointing thing was that we passed thru the straits of Messina during the night so that we saw nothing. The schedule of the boat was evidently not arranged with a view to sight-seeing.

On Sunday english service was conducted both morning & evening by some missionaries of the Church of England. At morning service the ladies all put on hats & gloves as if going to walk a block or two, & attended.

We had the most glorious sunset last night I have ever seen. The Mediterranean is great. We are having beautiful weather & a fine voyage.

Soon to see
Margaret.

Oct. 22, 1909.
S.S. Mongolia

Dear Father -- Our next stop will be Aden and I want to have another letter ready to mail there.

We reached Port Said on Tues. the 19th. about 12:30 P.M. Our boat anchored 150 or 200 ft. from shore; and after lunch nearly all the passengers left the boat to look around a little in the town. The harbor was filled with row-boats and launches ready to carry people

across.
Port Said presents a very desolate front to the sea – rising out of the desert with no grass and very few trees. It is a dirty, wretched place. The streets are filled with all kinds of people & things – men & women with faces half veiled, throngs of children small girls carrying tiny mites of babies, men trudging along carrying on their backs great goat-skins filled with water, carts loaded with vegetables, egg plant beans cucumbers (etc.) – like potatoes and large pancake-

like crusts of bread. The shops are small and practically all of them have the whole front open to the street.
Goats are seen commonly in the streets.
A long line of camels we saw, carrying sand from the sea.
Another interesting sight, was a funeral procession — a crowd of men marching in front, carrying gay banners, then the coffin borne on the shoulders of four or six men and behind them the hired mourners, women dressed in black, wailing & shrieking.

We were followed by quite a troup of boys, willing to do most anything for "bakshish" - and in fact insisting upon it. Some who spoke a little English were very clever trying to win our favor addressing the men as Mr. McKenzie or Mr. McGregor or Mr. Tarrane Broomhaye and the women as Mrs. Lindsee or Mrs. Cooley. It was quite curious where they got the names. Some even indulged in some effective American slang such as "Skidoo" "23 for you". We felt quite at home when ~~when~~ we heard the "Merry Widow Waltz" played on the violin by an Egyptian in a Café.

Pt 4 (22) 2

P&O

S.S. Mongolia

Before leaving next day at 11:20 A.M. we were entertained by groups of natives singing & playing in row. boats far below us and catching in umbrellas the coins thrown to them by the passengers. A number of boys did some very skillful diving for coins. Some Arabian jugglers came on board and performed a lot of clever tricks of magic. The merchants of the town

probably made considerable
money off the passengers
with cheap oriental(?)
jewelry, laces, etc.
The trip thru the
Suez Canal was very
interesting tho of course
we saw only part of it
in daylight. It
is 87 miles long and
is about 200 ft. wide.
Great [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] can
[illegible] without(?) [illegible]
[illegible]
an occasional palm tree.
Here and there at rather
long intervals appear
little groups of houses or
mud tents and camels

carrying their heavy burdens
As night approached, the
boat moved very slowly
and fairly crept thru the
canal.
Moonlight on the desert
is beautiful. The stars
and moon seem to shine
so much more clearly
& brightly there than
our cultivated land.
We think we saw a
mirage in the
afternoon but couldn't
be sure of it.
My idea of the wilderness
thru which Moses
lead the children of
Israel has become
much more clearly defined,
since seeing this desolate
land stretching along
the canal.

When we awoke next morning we were out in the Red Sea. The width of the sea varies from 6 to 100 miles, and we could see shore for a considerable time. In places, it is flat & sandy, and again rises in reddish peaks of rock.

The "Gym Khana" ("tournament of sports") has been causing much diversion & fun this week. It was begun on Monday & will not be closed until this afternoon (Sat.) We have had all kinds of contests — Quoits, Bull-board, Deck Billiards, Chess,

Ptd 4 (22) 3

P&O S.S. Mongolia

checkers, Thread & Needle, Cock-fighting, Chalking the Pig's Eye, Potato Race, Dropping the Drop, Blind Driving, Whistling Race, Bolster Bag, Egg & Spoon Race, Drawing Contest, General Knowledge & Limericks. There were so many entries in everything that it has taken a full week to get them all run off. Ernest has won, "tie on tail", Thread & Needle, and stands a good chance

of being the champion in checkers. He hasn't played the final game yet. Prizes will be awarded this afternoon.
We have had a couple of very warm days and nights. Fortunately, there has been a slight breeze most of the time.
Tomorrow (Sunday) we reach Aden where all the passengers to India tranship to the Salcette. This boat (the Mongolia) goes on to Australia. During the hot spell a great many of the passengers have been sleeping out on deck.
With lots of love to all.
Margaret.